

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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WHOLE NO. 773.

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"THE METHODIST."

A paper has recently been started in New York City bearing the above title. Its character in relation to anti-slavery is indicated by the following extract from an article on the Baltimore Conference, and from a passage from a former editorial defining its position:

"In this unhappy controversy between brethren beloved we are able to see truth and propriety and safety on one side only. The conservatives of the North who stood with Baltimore, age, and fell with her too, in the recent struggle, who wish again to stand with her in battling against unscriptural extremes on both sides, much as they deprecated any disturbance of the discipline on slavery, and earnestly as they wrought with the Border to prevent this, still agree with the majority of the Baltimore delegates, and content that the restrictions of the Chapter on slavery have been greatly relaxed by the change it has undergone. No matter what editors may say, the General Conference itself, by a direct and almost unanimous vote, has placed its meaning beyond the possibility of cavil, except, at least, by the most perverse and desperate logicians."

"The General Conference has declared that the New Chapter, unlike the old one is not a statute, not a law, but opinion and advice. This was manifestly true, even if the Conference had not said it, for the effort to change the law had failed, and nothing was left, nothing was within reach but advice. Nothing more could have been done, because, under the circumstances, the body had power to do nothing more; and yet, fearing that a wild, Southern interpretation or even the Supreme Court might fix to their action the meaning and force of law, they passed a separate resolution, denying as clearly as language could, any such meaning. If, therefore, members of the majority of the late General Conference, whether yielding private or official pens, shall attempt by circumlocutions, or implications, to give to this New Chapter the force of law, we will correct them by their own record, and remind them that the design of language, at least as used by Christian ministers, is not to conceal but honestly to express thought. We are not at all less for the explanation of such a course; it is found in simply remembering the natural and laudable desire of the leaders to render their chapter palatable to the stomachs of the party, and to demonstrate by the most skillful oratorical and logical coquetry that there is 'taste in the white of an egg.'"

"It accepts the late action of the General Conference on slavery, as defined by the Conference and understood by the Border delegates, as a finality; it proposes peace on this subject hereafter (so far as the internal strife is concerned); but it will vigilantly oppose the revival of the partisan agitation of the question; and as the next General Conference approaches, will be ready to oppose any attempt at new disturbances of the kind."

TROUBLES OF AN EDITOR.

[The Pittsburgh Dispatch thus discourses respecting the difficulties between the Trumbull Democrat and David Tod:]

In the hopelessly free-soil county of Trumbull, Ohio, there has been, for immemorial years, a Democratic paper. It has had leader picking than sheep during drought in a mullen pasture. Successive editorial friends have carried on the unsuccessful crusade, grown thinner than a professional linguist fed on Hebrew roots, and gradually wasting, till like Peter Schamyl they cast no shadow in the sun, they have shriveled like an unripe persimmon, and been blown away with the thistle down of autumn. No one of them was ever known to die and be buried, like people of body and substance. The only one of this species of martyrs, that we can recall, who waxed fat and kicked, in spite of so jejeune a soil, was Joel Burtles, and it is doubtful whether his wonderful self resources would not have failed, had not the great State of Ohio possessed a penitentiary. It is demonstrable, we think, that the office of warden saved J. B. As it is, we expect he will grow old, and in the order of nature be gathered to his fathers and have a Christian burial. We devoutly hope so. And if his love of Democracy does not tempt him to again undertake the publication of the Trumbull Democrat, we entertain a reasonable expectation that he will arrive at so honorable a termination of his days.

The present editorial incubent and candidate for martyrdom by political consumption is William Rittel, Esq. We cannot imagine what could have possessed William, who is a young man of fair talent and good sense, to undertake so hopeless a task as the conversion of incorrigible Trumbull to Democratic principles. St. Simon Stylites stood on one leg through weary years for the reward of sainthood. He was canonized. Brahminical priests hold up their arms till they wither and stiffen in muscle and joint, and the people worship them for their sacrifice. But why a promising man, as William was, and having some ambition to possess and enjoy the good things of this life, should have selected Trumbull county as a field in which to gather anything more than the thorns and thistles of political strife, is more than we can imagine. It was the custom aforesaid when a new editor was installed over the Democrat, to call in an undertaker and measure him for a coffin. It was a handy thing to have in the house, and was certain to be needed. We fear that William has arrived at that eventful period.

The event was precipitated by the action of the Baltimore Convention, which gave birth to two Presidential nominees. The partition, according to the highest authority, was 'irregular,' and Democrats were left free to choose between them. William had no preferences; his affections were equally divided; he was like the bundle of hay between the two animals, each pulling a different way. He put one leg in Kentucky and one in Illinois, one hand on popular sovereignty, and the other on the slave code, and became sublimely impartial. But the Democracy of Trumbull cannot tolerate a po-

litical Erasmus. Then he drew in his legs and hands, wore neither by Gog nor Magog, and turned to Zimmerman on Solidate and Baxter's Saint's Rest for consolation.

He should have been left to his meditations, but the Douglas men were not satisfied. They urged upon him the necessity of the 'happy dispatch,' and his reluctance to perform that Oriental ceremony, compelled them to call upon David Tod to persuade him of its propriety.

Gov. Tod was but too happy to accept the invitation. Everybody knows Gov. Tod. He resembles Napoleon I. in features: he owns Briar Hill and its coal mines; he is President of the slowest railroad this side of sundown, and was President of the fastest National Democratic Convention assembled since the days of Jackson. Gov. Tod proceeded to Warren. He knew how many inducements to suicide already existed; so he paid up arrears to the Democrat and ordered it discontinued. His next step was to urge upon Democrats in Warren to stop their paper. By thus cutting off one support after another he expected to induce the unfortunate editor to puncture his bowels in Oriental fashion; and we fear he has succeeded. William will die of Tod.

We dislike to accuse a man of unnecessary cruelties, but the Governor is fairly indictable. William was going off fast enough; it was only a question of time and starvation, and it was of earthly importance to that county whether he preferred Douglas or Breckinridge, or, with a catholic affection, embraced both. He should have had the necessary leisure for meditation and leave-taking. They allow that, even in Japan. The Governor was officious, too. It is true, Warren is on the line of his railroad, and under favorable circumstances, a train of cars can go from Briar Hill to that place between sunrise and sunset. But Warren is not in the Governor's county; he should stay at home, and try and keep Mahoning in line; he will find free scope for his abilities there, for when he was in Brazil the enemy stole into his camp and broke down the pickets, and desertions have been as plenty as coal dust at Briar Hill. Let him restore Mahoning to the faith of the fathers, and not travel along the line of his railroad asking dying editors to dispatch themselves and add their skeletons to the political Golgotha of the Western Reserve.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF THE REPUBLICAN PAPERS.] BRECKINRIDGE IN POWDOWN.—An immense Breckinridge meeting was held in Powdown on the evening of the 10th. The democrats of Powdown, utterly repudiated the belligerent Douglas and his haughty Sympathy Sovereignty fallacy. The Postmaster of Powdown having refused to admit that Douglas is an infernal rascal, is to be instantly removed, and a sound conservative democrat appointed in his place.

OUT FOR BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.—G. W. Sikes, of Spunkville, who at first was rather favorably disposed to the Little Giant, and who in a speech last week characterized Mr. Douglas as the brilliant and peerless statesman of the West, now says Mr. B. is a cold-blooded monster and a traitor to his country. Mr. Sikes, who is a life long, consistent and able democrat, has declared for Breckinridge and Jo. Lane, the Marlon of the Mexican war.

GEN. JO. LANE.—The democratic papers of Oregon say there isn't a doubt about that State going for Breckinridge and Lane. Gen. Lane, it will be remembered, lives in Oregon. He is aptly called the Mexican of the Marlon war.

A HOAX.—The report extensively published by the Douglas papers that John J. Postmaster at Seaville, had come out for Douglas; is pronounced an unmitigated hoax. The veteran democrat says he will never cast a vote for Douglas while he has a drop of blood in his veins, or at least as long as he retains the Seaville post office. The Breckinridge and Lane movement is certainly becoming formidable. Perhaps our readers are not aware that Gen. Lane is the Mexican of the Marlon war, but such is the case.

GEN. JO. DOUGLAS.—The Kinkleville Boiler; a paper of terrific circulation, has placed at its masthead the names of Breckinridge and Lane. It must be admitted that this ticket is raising a perfect whirlwind of enthusiasm. It is well known that Gen. Jo. Mexico is the Carlon of the Lane war, and no one can doubt but that Kentucky will stand chivalrously by her shining son. The Douglasites look gloom.

JAS. BUCHANAN.—This spotless and incorruptible statesman has formally declared for Breckinridge. It is well known that he was strongly in favor of Douglas, and only abandons him because he sees the Little Giant has no chance. Mr. Buchanan is a fine man and a very honest man. If his name was Abraham or Abigail he would be called Honest Old Abe.

It will be seen by these items, which are a good deal more reliable than those published by the republican papers in the Breckinridge interest, how the political felix jumps.—Plain Dealer.

The following not very probable statement is sent over the wires as

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS

St. Louis, July 25.

An extra from the Bonham (Texas) Era office of the 17th, received to night by the Overland Mail, contains a letter from Charles R. Prior, editor of the Dallas Herald, stating that the fire at that place on the 8th led to the discovery of a diabolical plot to devastate the whole of Northern Texas. White men, friends of the Abolition preachers Blunt and McKim, who were expelled from the county last year, were the instigators of the plot. The plan was to lay the whole country waste by fire, and by destroying all arms, ammunition, &c., to get the country in a state of helplessness, and then, on election day in August, make general insurrection, aided by emissaries from the North and parties friendly to the cause in Texas.

Their sphere of operations distracted and subverted, each division being under the supervision of a white man, who controlled negroes as

subordinates. Several white men and negroes were arrested in Dallas the following day. A fire is reported to have occurred the same day, and Dallas destroyed, which was attributed to the same cause. Large mercantile house, Black Jack Grove, loss \$20,000; three business houses, Denton, loss \$4,000; large store house, Pilot Point, loss \$10,000; storehouse, Ladera, loss \$25,000; eight stores Belknap, loss not given; Millford, Ellis county, totally destroyed, and several other smaller fires are reported. Great excitement existed. Through out the country prompt and effective measures are being taken for the preservation of life and property.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE SHOT.

A very barbarous act was committed a few days since, in the woods about four miles above this place, on the Ohio side of the river, which was no other than the deliberate shooting down of a slave while endeavoring to escape from his pursuers. From the colored man's statement to one of our citizens after he was shot, it seems that he belonged to a man living near the Red Sweet Springs, in Virginia, and that he left home about three weeks since because his master sold his wife and children—that in daylight he was guided in his course by the sun, and at night by the stars, avoiding the public roads as much as possible, until he found himself at Point Pleasant, where an attempt was made to arrest him, which he eluded, and crossing the Ohio river struck for the woods on this side. Here he lost bearings and became bewildered, wandering about the woods until discovered by his pursuers, four in number, who divided to head off and capture him. Two of these struck across to the head of the hollow just back of Mrs. Crook's farm, while the other two proceeded to the foot of the hollow to go up it. The latter had not gone far before they discovered the fugitive, who bounded off in a full run, when one of them, a man named Robinson, painter by trade, immediately drew up a rifle, and, after commanding the colored man to stop, took deliberate aim and fired; the ball taking effect in his back just above the right kidney and ranging forward lodged near the breast bone. The other two hearing the report of the rifle proceeded to the spot where they found the colored man lying, as they supposed dead, and becoming frightened at the consequence which in all probability would grow out of this cruel act, the three, who felt they had no complicity in the murder, hurried off to Gallipolis, where they secured a warrant against Robinson, who by this time had returned to Point Pleasant.

The colored man was allowed to remain for several hours on the ground where he fell, and until Mr. Andrew Allen, who heard of the circumstance and prompted along by feelings of humanity, had him brought in and cared for. These are about as near the facts of the case as we can gather from conflicting reports. One report states that the ball entered the body and lodged against the breast bone, and it is thought the wounded man will recover. We believe that no arrest has been effected, and understand the authorities of Point Pleasant express a willingness to surrender the culprit whenever called upon. It should certainly be investigated.—Gallipolis (O.) Journal of the 12th.

PARKER PILLSBURY AT THE FRAMINGHAM MEETING.

[We extract the following from Parker Pillsbury's speech on the 4th of July.]

I am here to use the little strength I have in the best way I know; and perhaps it is not best I should spend it in criticizing the Republican party, after the severe remarks which have been made upon it by our friends who have preceded me; and yet really I do not know why I or anybody else need to speak of anything but political parties. There are four presidential candidates in the field. I suppose they will do one another justice; for they say, when rogues fall out, honest men are likely to get at the truth. The telegraph says that Mr. Wilson has an almost Kilkenny-cat encounter with James Buchanan, and while there is this loving fellowship between the different branches of the Democratic party, I think we had better commend them all to a Kilkenny-cat victory, and leave them alone. They will do each other justice; or, if they fail, Mr. Lincoln and his friends are in the field, to stand by and help; and I presume they look upon the fight as did the good woman who saw her husband and the bear in such close proximity. (Laughter.)

The Republican party has a power over the conscience of the country which no other party ever possessed. Why, it was delightful to hear the most radical and ultra anti-slavery sentiments uttered by our friend Wilson the most loudly applauded. I told Mr. Wilson, last summer, that the Republican party would do well enough if it were not for those nightmare politicians who had lighted upon his break. Now, he stands up here and utters thoroughgoing, Garrisonian anti-slavery, and they applaud him very highly for it. I do not believe that beautiful tree [designating one of the finest in the grove] is sounder at heart than most Republicans are; the only trouble is, that there is a pressure of time-servers and trimmers on the top of it, and its throbbing pulsations are prevented. Now, if Mr. Wilson and Mr. Sumner would come to our platform, and preach this kind of anti-slavery to the people, they would have to say of us and just as we have now to say of them and Stephen A. Douglas and his friends. Really, they are so much alike, we do not see any difference between them; and here to-day, if you had not seen his face, you would not have known whether it was Senator Wilson or Mr. Quincy or Mr. Foster talking that strong anti-slavery. But here is where the difficulty lies—and it is a very serious difficulty. Our friend, Mr. Wilson, talks here Garrisonian anti-slavery—I thank him for it; and whenever I go abroad among his constituency, I shall tell them, 'It is perfectly safe for you to come to our platform, for Mr. Wilson has been there, and wherever he may go, you may; but here is the difficulty—in talking about Mr. Lincoln ten or eleven years ago, we overlook, at any rate, may overlook, a better opportunity of knowing what is his position to-day. The Re-

publican party has now its campaign documents in the field. I hold one of them in my hand. This is said to be a very good likeness of Abraham Lincoln, [showing the picture,] and I think it may be, for it is rather a homely, coarse looking man, and that is what they say of him. (Laughter.) I do not speak to his disrepute; I like these homely-looking men, and you see I have a reason for it perhaps. (Renewed merriment.) But, Mr. Chairman, in tracing the course of Mr. Lincoln for the last ten years, I fail to find anything in the record worthy of the high testimony borne in his favor here to-day. On the contrary, comparing him with Senator Douglas, I fail to see any essential difference between the two. And this I am sure of, that last year, when I was in Ohio, and the election of State officers was pending, a Mr. Dennison, the present Governor of that State, was in the field as a candidate, and Mr. Lincoln, in behalf of his friend, delivered several speeches in the State, into which, I suppose, he put the doctrines and sentiments by which he is willing to be judged to-day. Now you, in voting for Abraham Lincoln, hope to vote for anti-slavery. You have been assured here to-day, that you would be voting for anti-slavery, ultimately, if not immediately, in voting for him. I stand here to-day to give it as my deliberate opinion, that in voting for Abraham Lincoln, you are effectively vote for slavery as you would in voting for Stephen A. Douglas; and the reason I say so is because I have here the record of Mr. Lincoln himself upon all these subjects, and if there be really any difference between him and Stephen A. Douglas, his effort last year in Ohio, and his effort the present year, so far as I have seen, seem to be to make it as apparent as possible that there is no essential difference between him and the Democratic candidate.

Now, Mr. Chairman, on the first day of February last, Senator Seward, of New York, made a speech in the Senate of the United States, which, after a careful comparison of its various features and sentiments with Daniel Webster's bid for the Presidency, ten years before, on the 7th of March, I must say, I think it suffers in the comparison; and I should like to see the Republican to-day, who would stand up in the city of Washington, and make one utterance that Daniel Webster made in that speech. Mr. Seward's grand object and aim seemed to me, on the first of February, utterly to deny the doctrine of an 'irrepressible conflict' between the North and the South. He even went so far as to disclaim the word 'slavery'—as cautious as the Constitution itself, and surely that is a height of caution that has never before been equalled—certainly, exceeded. I remember that, a good many years ago, Abbott Lawrence wrote some letters for the Richmond Whig, in which he referred to slavery as the 'unholy and evil labor' of the South! A few years afterwards, the Methodist Conference had occasion to deal with one of its Bishops on the same subject of slavery, and his Bishop of slavery was an 'impediment!' Mr. Seward replied on these two words—he called slavery 'capital'!—I thought it the most capital joke of the season—and undertook to show that there was no conflict, possible or irrepressible, between the North and the South. Now, then, it seems to me that when he was dropped, and Mr. Lincoln substituted, there should have been some reason for it. I know of but one; and that was, that Mr. Lincoln was the more creditable man of the two, and for the reason that his antecedents were less objectionable to the South than the antecedents of William H. Seward. Well, then, what are, exactly, the positions of Abraham Lincoln? I suppose this is good authority. It is a campaign document, and published for general circulation. On the very question of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, Mr. Lincoln is made to define his position. If it be true that Mr. Lincoln is in favor of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave trade there, he is very unfortunate in this later manifesto of his opinions; for, ten years after the introduction of that bill, we find him declaring, in so many words,—'In relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, I have my mind made up. I should be exceedingly glad to see slavery abolished there. I believe that Congress possesses constitutional power to do it.' Well, then, if Congress possesses the constitutional power, why hesitate? For some reason, surely, account does he defer it? For some reason, surely. 'Yet, as a member of Congress, I should not, with my present views, be in favor of endeavoring to abolish it,' (and 'endeavoring' is italicized,) 'unless it should be upon these conditions: first, that the abolition should be gradual; second, that it should be on a vote of a majority of the qualified voters of the District; third, that compensation should be made to the unwilling voters.' It has remained for the Republican party, I think, to furnish the first instance of submitting to thieves and rogues what kind of legislation they preferred. I never heard of a Democrat going that far. I think it has remained for the candidate of the Republican party to introduce that new anomaly in our national jurisprudence.

Then, again, in regard to the other interrogatory, (in reference to the question of the abolition of the slave trade between the different States,) 'I can truly answer, I have not given any pledge in regard to it. It is a subject to which I have not given that mature consideration that would make me feel authorized to state a position so as to hold myself bound to it.' I wonder if he has ever thought about the commerce in other articles! Here is the question of the slave trade between the States, an abomination, I suppose, without a parallel anywhere under heaven, and yet we are told by this candidate of the Republican party that he has not given the subject that consideration which enables him to give an opinion by which he would be willing to be bound! In other words, that question has never been prominent before me, to induce me to investigate whether we really have the constitutional power to do it.

Would it not be well for the Republican party to send their candidate to some good law school three years, and let him study jurisprudence and the science of government? He is not quite certain about the traffic between the States in human beings. I suppose he has no difficulty in regard to the traffic in cotton, and sugar, and rice, and tobacco, even—I suppose his mind is fully made up on that—I scarcely ever saw a Western man who had any doubt upon that subject—(laughter)—but here is a question of the traffic in human beings, and he has not studied that subject sufficiently to be able to have any opinion about it! I must say, however, (and I want you to hear this), 'that if I should be of opinion that Congress does possess the constitutional power, I should still not be in favor of the exercise of that power, unless upon some conservative principle, akin to what I have said in relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.' (Laughter.) Now, I see before me a vast concourse of intelligent looking men and women. I doubt not a large majority of the men present are members and ardent supporters of the Republican party. In your suffrages, gentlemen, for Abraham Lincoln, did you expect you were voting for such doctrines and such doubts, as I have here read?

But I have not quite done reading. I will trouble you but for a moment. Our friend, Mr. Gar-

son, read one resolution from the Republican platform; permit me to read one other passage from it: 'That the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power upon which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends; and we denounce the lawless invasion, by an armed force, of any State or territory, no matter under what pretext, as amongst the gravest of crimes.' Did you suppose, in voting for Abraham Lincoln, that you were going to vote John Brown, the 'gravest of criminals'? Because, if so, God have compassion on you! 'The gravest of crimes' was the act of John Brown—our only hero of the nineteenth century! The poor old century, as Carlyle would say, had plodded on three score years without a hero, and without one heroic act, and I, for one, was beginning to despair of our country ever producing a hero, in the popular sense of the term 'hero,'—for moral heroism is a quality too sublime for the perception of this generation; and so when John Brown appears, in the true spirit of Lafayette, imitating, if not Jesus, certainly Moses and Joshua, why, the Republican party is about to decree him the 'gravest of criminals' by its elevation to the Presidential chair of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Did you mean to do it? Does Henry Wilson believe that John Brown committed 'a grave crime'? God forbid I should charge him thus. I know that when summoned before Mr. Mason's senatorial inquisition, he rather shrank from testimony which I think his son, forty years hence—if his bright looking boy lives—will be very sorry to say his father forgot to give. There were several champions of the Republican party summoned to the bar to testify what they knew; and one testified, 'I know not the man'; and a maid saw him in an inn, and she said, 'Thou surely must have been with him, for thy speech betrayeth thee. But he began to curse and swear, saying, I know not the man.' And many a cock has crowed since, but I have seen no better weeping over the sin. (Laughter and applause.)

Think you, Mr. Chairman, that the sons of these men will not one day blush that their fathers said they knew nothing of John Brown and his movements. I happen to believe (you need not tell Mr. Mason of it) that some of them did know about it. They did not choose to tell him; I do not know that I should have told him, if I knew; I should have done as I pleased, for I hold that slaveholders have no rights that anybody is bound to respect! (Laughter.) But here is the Chicago platform pronouncing John Brown the gravest of criminals! Why, Governor Wise did not so badly as that. He said he was the bravest man he had ever seen; or, to use his Virginia parlance, 'the pluckiest man he had ever seen';—and he had seen Mr. Wilson among the rest, (laughter)—and he 'could trust him to any extent!' Think of that! The Republican party brands him as a criminal, but the Governor of Virginia says he could trust him to any extent. Put it on record. And there is the record of the brave old man. I wish there were a telegraph between here and North Elba, that those who have gathered there to-day might know that the old man is not forgotten. But, fortunately, there is a telegraph between me and where the old man's spirit rests, and he knows all about it. Now, our friend Wilson's record is not quite what I wish it were. I wish he would come to the platform, and tell me what he meant by a passage in one of his speeches in Congress. He usually speaks to the purpose, and if his is not the polished eloquence of Everett, which amounts to nothing, it is generally that kind of sledge-hammer dealing with facts which amounts to every thing. But here is a slight exception to his usual fidelity; and I should like to know what he meant by it; for, if I mistake not, he is going to put our friend Garrison in the same category with John Brown, and call him 'the gravest of criminals,' for he proposes to 'hang' whosoever lays hands on the Union North or South, and 'send his name down to posterity, stained with the doom of a traitor.' I don't believe you want to hang Mr. Garrison, any more than you wanted to hang John Brown. I apprehend that Senator Wilson, if he were High Sheriff of the District of Columbia or Grand Executioner Chief of the country, would hire some body to put the halter round our friend Garrison's neck, if he was to be hung. To be sure, he has not laid hands upon this Union, but I am mightily afraid that what he has done induced John Brown to do it, and therefore he might be hung as *particeps criminis*. I am very sure I should give my vote for it, if I was upon the jury. There is no Republican here who means any such thing. 'Honest Old Abe,' the man whom you are talking about running into the Presidency on that very dignified vehicle, a rail, he may mean it; and I think, according to his doctrines, that is the prop-

er vehicle on which he should ride; and if our friend Wilson would carry one end of it, I would the other. (Laughter.)

I have not referred to the passage that Mr. Wilson read from the Chicago platform, but I will, for a moment. It is true that the declaration which Mr. Garrison read is contained in that platform, but the misfortune is that with such a platform as that, you should have nominated Abraham Lincoln. It is not your platform of which I complain, in that particular, but it is of your candidate; and inasmuch as the President, if it be Lincoln, is likely enough to be a little more than James Buchanan said he should be—(for you know he said he should be nothing but the platform, and I am sure he told only the truth)—it is important we should know what he is going to be; and, for a lately for us, and fortunately for you, if you are honest men, and want to know the truth, I can tell you what he is, as differing from the platform to which our friend Garrison called your attention, Stephen A. Douglas drove Mr. Lincoln, when they were canvassing Illinois, two years ago, into the very closest corners, I admit, and I should be sorry to hold him responsible for everything that the little giant wrung out of him; for he was not as fortunate in that pilgrimage as Bonaparte's 'Christian' was, in having a 'Greatest' to overcome the giant's, for the little giant was too much for him, without any 'Greatest.' You heard Mr. Douglas say, this morning—and he is good authority—that the little giant has no heart at all. Hrrp is what Mr. Lincoln said on the question of slave Territory: 'Mr. Douglas complains that I do not fully answer the question. If I have the sense to comprehend, and the sense to answer, I have done so, fairly.' Well, now, if he has the sense and judgment to comprehend, I suppose I can understand him when I read what he says: 'The Judge says I do not declare that I would, in any event, vote for the admission of a slave State into the Union.' There, you see, is where John Douglas drove him. I admit it was a close contest; but then, these are not times, as our friend Garrison said at the close of his remarks, these are not times for compromise, and we must be willing to meet the closest, strictest and severest tests,—to go down, if need be, into the lion's den and into the fiery furnace. 'If I have been fairly reported heretofore, he will see that I gave an explicit answer to that question. I did not merely say that I would dislike to be put to the test, but I said clearly, if I were put to the test, and a Territory from which slavery had been excluded should present herself, with a Constitution sanctioning slavery,—a most extraordinary thing, and not likely to happen,—I do not see how I could avoid voting for her admission.' (Hear, hear.) That is Mr. Lincoln, not the platform; and I hope he will be rather more, if he is anything, than James Buchanan, who said he would be no longer James Buchanan, but the Democratic platform; and here we have the distinct avowal that he will be something more than the platform, namely, that 'if a Territory from which slavery has been excluded'—mark that!—by act of Congress or otherwise, shall apply for admission with a slaveholding Constitution, I see not how I could withhold my vote.'

The other day, Mr. Greeley, or some one in the New York Tribune, said, 'We gave 1,400,000 votes for John C. Fremont; but to elect our candidate next November, we must cast two millions of ballots.' Mark that! 'Two millions of ballots.' And what does a ballot mean? If I understand it—and I am willing to submit that question to you—a ballot is no more nor less than the utterance of a declaration which you are willing to defend; and that, consequently, on the same belt with your ballot box, you have hung, also, your cartridge-box, and that you believe in the paper currency, of which your ballot is the specie redemption. Well, then, two millions of men in the field, with Abraham Lincoln as commander-in-chief! Two millions of men,—not women, God save you! You won't let women vote! I blame you not, if you mean to elect men like Abe Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. Two millions of men—not women. You can tax them, but you don't let them vote where the money shall go; for what John Brown is shall read seals, or for what Thaddeus Hyatt is shall build jails in Washington. You can tax them to build the jail, but you do not ask them, who shall go in. You can tax them to rear speckles, but you do not ask them what John Brown shall dangle upon them. For, be it known to you, it was the Republicanism of the country that hung John Brown. It was your marines, brought up from Old Point Comfort—the only comfortable point that Virginia has, and that only comfortable because your marines are there to protect her. No, you tax the women, and then hang their husbands and their brothers for doing deeds that will purchase for them the kingdom of heaven, or heaven is not worth possessing. Two millions of men—not boys; for the youngest voter must be over twenty-one. Two millions of men!—the mightiest army ever marshaled under ancient conqueror or modern usurper! Two millions of men!—twice the army with which Xerxes invaded Greece, and conquered wherever he went; four times the army that Bonaparte led into the field, before whose fiery breath Smolensk melted away, and Moscow, with all her grandeur, was known, 66 more! Two millions of men, sworn and pledged on that Chicago platform, that John Brown was one of the 'gravest criminals' that ever died by the halter. Mr. Chairman, that is not what these Republicans cheered when Senator Wilson stood here to-day. Oh, if Senator Wilson would only go through the State preaching that doctrine, and then go to Washington, and preach it there! But then, that is asking too much of human nature—it is asking impossibilities. Senator Sumner has proved how little and how much can safely be said in Washington.

Now let me say one word, and I will stop. After all, it is not of your candidates, nor yet of your platform, that I complain. You have made a League with these tyrants, and they are ready for you. John Brown proved that. With eighteen men, and five of these 'connecting links' with the brute creation, he invaded and conquered!